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# Impossible

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## Impossible

Tim Knopp

Some say childhood ends in the period between high school  
and college, that in growing up you make a trade off  
like bartering baseball cards with the neighbor, "I'll give you late night talks with friends  
foooor a career in education. Or how 'bout two Wet Willy's for a Jack Daniels?"  
It seems fair, maybe, that this should be, as I twist  
the shower knobs and test the water with a single sandled foot. I step  
into the warm stream, stand a moment before bathing.

I've given four years to this higher education, four years closer  
to some hidden knowledge, four years farther from what I once knew,  
four years of reading Emerson, watching "The Simpsons,"  
thinking, *Me fail English? That's impossible*. The chimes ring  
in the afternoon sun. It's noon and the ding-ding-BONG of the bells  
pulls me to the heart of the warm, bubbling campus.

Around the grassy courtyard, strewn bodies teach strewn bodies  
about relationships, advice about hard topics coming all too easy.  
They read a poem, write a song, talk the physics of cigarette ash  
and how long it can grow before falling, clumped or floating  
on the wind, from their scissored fingers. Along the worn brick paths  
professors walk side by side with students, taste an apple  
between classes, hear the latest political news, or ask  
squirrely freshmen, "What is love?" They don't know, of course,  
that the answer doesn't start, "Love is," but rather "Love can be."

For now I spend evenings with friends, say, "You should have heard  
what this kid in my second period class said," or just play Tecmo  
Super Bowl on the original Nintendo, an old school game for those  
trying to remember their old school days.

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*Tim Knopp graduated from Capital University as an education major on May 8, 2004.*